The First & Final Life of Hannibal Lecter

Posted originally on the Archive of Our Own at http://archiveofourown.org/works/45057172.

Rating:	General Audiences
Archive Warning:	No Archive Warnings Apply
Category:	M/M
Fandoms:	Hannibal (TV), Hannibal Lecter Series - All Media Types
Relationship:	Will Graham/Hannibal Lecter
Characters:	Hannibal Lecter, Will Graham
Additional Tags:	Canon Compliant, Dark Will Graham, Autistic Will Graham, Autistic Hannibal Lecter, Meet-Cute, First Meetings, Pre-Relationship, Prequel, Character Study, Episode: s01e01 Apéritif, Will Graham Knows, Canon-Typical Behavior, Murder Husbands, Will Graham smells like sex and candy (violence), POV Hannibal Lecter, Soulmates, Enemies to Friends to Lovers, Slow Burn
Language:	English
Series:	Part 1 of Blood and Cherry Wine Reprise
Stats:	Published: 2023-02-15 Words: 1,503 Chapters: 1/1

The First & Final Life of Hannibal Lecter

by Apocalyptic_Space_They

Summary

Against his better judgement Hannibal does Alana a favor. His curiosity over what the FBI could want to keep off book, outweighing his usual caution

He never could've predicted Will Graham or the way he'd change Hannibal's life forever

Notes

In the worst stroke of dumb luck on the face of the planet, I accidentally orphaned my long Hannibal S3 reprise fic series.

I'm pretty sick about it.

You can see the original under the series name "You Taste Like Blood and Cherry Wine"

See the end of the work for more notes

Let it never be said that Hannibal Lecter didn't mind his own murderous business.

He was doing just that, minding his own serial killer business when Will Graham walked into his office and upended his entire life forever like a femme fatale in one of the old Noir films his aunt used to watch.

He should've known better then to grant a favor to Alana Bloom. That was his first mistake. She called first of course explaining this and that. Could he evaluate an unusual case for her, off book... for the FBI. One she didn't feel comfortable evaluating for herself for various reasons. The reasons she gave were lies of course. Lying came as easily to Alana Bloom as it did most people. Neither her lies nor her reasons for lying interested Hannibal. Humans lied for the most ridiculous and inane reasons possible. Misplaced pride usually.

Pride. Inane and boring.

If there was one curse Hannibal carried to the exclusion of all others, it was his driving thirst for knowledge. So of course Hannibal was curious about what or who exactly the FBI needed evaluated off book, of course he was. Maybe it would be another serial killer. Even more potentially interesting if it was someone like him.

That was unlikely.

He'd met and made a lot of killers in his life, none of them were ever like him in any real measurable way.

In ancient Greece there was multiple different death cults. He wondered if he'd fit in offering Hades, Athena, or Artemis his devotion. Maybe he was alone in the way he was. He'd pretend that wasn't a melancholy thought.

So he said yes, just to satiate his curiosity you understand. He didn't know what or who he expected to make the appointment, but it wasn't Will Graham. When Will walked through the door Hannibal's first thought was, what a lovely person suit.

It wasn't to his personal taste, this person suit, but it was flawlessly detailed. A person suit, that's what Bedelia called it when he tried to behave like her so called regular people. A person suit, it was a rather cruel way to describe a coping mechanism wrapped around a trauma response. She of course knew that, but Bedelia could be cruel, relished in it. She at least always made cruelty interesting. It was something.

The second thing Hannibal thought was maybe it wasn't a person suit situation after all.

Oh but it definitely was, Will Graham was just that good. Making him doubt his own private estimation. Impressive if not exactly interesting in and of itself.

Hannibal was supposed to evaluate whether or not Will was able to handle the strain of consulting on the serial murder scenes they were investigating. He'd been at least partially right about it involving serial killers, which was a satisfying feeling. Maybe he would learn something useful in the process.

Evaluating Will's ability to handle the crime scenes implied that the problem Will was having was fear or disgust, abhorrence at the brutal violence. That was not the issue he was having at all, though that was definitely the impression he preferred people get from his anxious twitchy roaming.

Different therapists have different methods, Hannibal liked to be up close, so he could see his patients' faces, their eyes... so they could in turn see him if they chose to.

They never did.

There was another even less obvious piece to this arrangement. Hannibal Lecter had an unnaturally good nose. He always had, he could smell the moods on people like most people smelled perfume, home cooking, or fresh roast coffee. Every person had their own signature scent, their own language of pheromones. Hannibal thought it was a bit romantic in an isolated, lonely way.

Just like him.

So when he invited Will into his office, to sit across from him, when the scent of him was guilt and shame instead of fear and disgust that wasn't interesting but it was worthy of note. Many people were more afraid of discovery then they were of their own animal instincts. Modern human society was a consensual act of theater in which all the crawling creeping things sat around pretending to be anything but what they were.

As Will got into the details of his experience on crime scenes, as he got more invested in all the fine details of an almost interesting murder, his guilt gave way to interest, and his shame gave way to arousal.

Now if Hannibal Lecter was to tell you about himself, a thing he would never do. He would tell you that he was no average serial killer, no run of the mill sadist, that sadism in a world rooted in both unfair power structures and systemic suffering, was virtually run of the mill. Even blood lust itself more publicly frowned upon then it's more rarefied cousin sadism, saw itself expressed in every part of human culture from holidays and business to sports.

Humans desired to consume, crush, and ruin each other. The artifacts of that desire were everywhere. Will Graham's arousal was in and of itself not that remarkable. What caught Hannibal's attention was something else entirely, because Will Graham could see him.

Hannibal imagined the horns baying their call to arms as heaven's walls fell, laid bare to the masses.

REVELATION

So when Will Graham sat across from him telling him of the horrors of this job, arousal rolling off of him in waves, when his eyes cut across the room to see how Hannibal was taking his polite fiction, when their eyes met, spiritual lightning struck, stark and profound.

Will Graham for one small instant, less then a second, **saw** Hannibal Lecter **seeing** him. Two hunters standing on opposite sides of a great chasm, knowing each other, being known.

That had never happened before in all of Hannibal's years of meddling in the hearts of human kind. Never, not once.

So when Will leapt up to pace restless like a caged predator across the room, Hannibal used the time fo categorize and index every aspect of him. A speculative contemplative encyclopedia of things that were potentially interesting about Will Graham.

And when in a flash of his own insight, Will shifted from cornered to curious. When his body screamed follow me, notice me, see me. Hannibal did, of course he did. Hannibal Lecter had a great and terrible need to know... and now perhaps to be known.

When Will pressed himself into the office library ladder, back arced, expression inviting, mingling the promise of knowing with the trappings of knowledge. When Will crafted a lure designed specifically for Hannibal, he allowed himself to be lured, to look. Will Graham looked back, their eyes meeting again, and in looking, they knew each other.

The lust that rolled off Will's body in that moment was a lust born of shared knowledge, in seeing and being seen. The sweetest ambrosia Hannibal Lecter had ever had the keen pleasure of experiencing. He knew in that moment he would do anything to taste that shared knowing, that he would give anything to be known by Will.

It only lasted an instant, then Will slid the mask, his person suit, back down over his eyes, roaming like a trapped animal again.

But God held a hand out to Adam, inviting him to give unto the lord his own rib so that he may no longer be alone

After such a shared moment, it came naturally for Will to invite Hannibal to a crime scene with him. An invitation punctuated with the briefest cruel knowing quirk of the lips. Knowing. A date that only the two of them could feel the boundaries of.

The divine serpent, bringer of light and enlightenment whispered delicious promise into Eve's ear. A two pronged gift, knowledge and pain

Hannibal wondered if Will Graham would be the one examining the crime scene if he went active again. For the first time in a long time, he wanted to kill immoderately. The blood lust pounding it's siren song in his veins. Will Graham might be his Muse, his divine inspiration. So it was incredibly dangerous date for both of them, yet still a date.

Hannibal didn't know if this was the beginning of his end or the end of his beginning. He only knew that it was something different, something deep and cosmic, old and new. Beyond that he would only be able take one step after another, unswerving in his devotion, toward this unknown.

And so the horns blew, the walls crumbled, and the hounds bayed their long and lonely song, all of the land called to the great midnight hunt. Lucifer, bringer of light, the devil himself slept in every shadow, lingered behind every unturned leaf. How would the dogs ever find him? The devil couldn't wait to see

Because Hannibal Lecter had always had a powerful need to know

And now Hannibal Lecter had a great and terrible need to know Will Graham

End Notes

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